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MORNING · VISION

ON

MOUNT · WASHINGTON.

Mary Scholfield

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1888.

Morning Vision on Mt. Washington.

WHILE on the dizzy mountain height,
Dense clouds obscured the vale below,
And battling winds went whirling by
With roars of elemental woe;

THE wearied trav'ler, sheltered fast
Where wind nor sleet can him pursue,
Awaits the hour when storm shall pass,
His lengthened journey to renew.

All day, all night, the storm raged on,
The refuge quivered from the blast;
The pilgrim questioned with alarm,
Will this protection through it last?

As morning dawns the storm abates,
The fleecy clouds yet higher roll.
At length the veil which separates
The mountain from the world below,

TRANSPARENT gleams, and through the haze
A vision of scenes celestial
Greets the pilgrim's enraptured gaze,
Far above aught terrestrial.

A WAVE of color floats mid-air,—
What heav'nly wonder now is seen:
What can portend this vision fair,
Of emerald and opaline?

FLOR on the distant peaks upthrown
Lie fields of emerald hue and gold,
Transfigured by a light unknown,
And vanishing in ether cold.

WITH eager gaze and panting soul,
He fain would climb those shining heights,
For surely this must be the goal
Rewarding him who lives aright.

The clouds soon break in myriad forms,
On distant peaks fantastic lie;
And faint and silvery nestling there,
A lake embosomed, sparkles high.

As things familiar greet the eye,
His gaze on habitation bent,
The pilgrim upward to the sky
His soul in silent worship sent.

THE loving Father reigned supreme;
Through storm and doubt He ruled above.
Awaiting the return, serene,
Of wand'ring children to His love.

IN mount, and storm, and sunshine He
Speaks ever to the list'ning ear;
Himself reveals, nor may we see
Behind the veil his countenance here.

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